

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

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HE SPOKE AND WE LISTENED . . .

by Eddie Doherty

THE Monday night meetings in Friendship House have brought notable speakers to Harlem, and blessed its white and colored audiences with many stirring, novel, entertaining, and helpful ideas.

There have been indifferent speakers—I spoke there once myself. There have been gifted talkers. There have been eloquent preachers. There have been scientific minds. There have been men of poetry and drama. But recently, on October 11th, there was a great man who talked quite simply at Friendship House.

He spoke on the subject of juvenile delinquency. And, for the first time since the subject has been mentioned—which is how many years ago?—those who listened caught the faint music of hope that something may be done to end this evil.

The great man is Judge Stephen S. Jackson of the Juvenile Court in New York, a Catholic gentleman who has not only had years of experience with delinquents, but also the common sense to realize that more than common sense and years of experience is needed to cope with the problem.

"Few people" said the judge, "realize that the spiritual factor enters into the reclamation of these young people, must enter into it, must motivate it."

The Judge, outside the court where he is motivated only by the law and the evidence—and necessarily bound with narrow limits—has formed a committee of five to study the problem in a human and a spiritual way, and to work continuously to solve it.

He began by pointing out that the city of New York had recently completed its new Tombs. This is a modern prison. It cost \$19,000,000. It will be the temporary home, someday, of many a boy and many a girl now playing in the streets of New York.

THOSE millions of dollars could have been spent, of course, in trying to better the conditions that produce delinquent children. But false scientists do not see the need of spend-

ing money to shape the souls of children in the slums — nor to care for their bodies. The courts would help, but have neither the time nor the facilities. The city authorities see the menace, but have neither the appropriations nor the knowledge to fight it. So the children will grow up to fill those nice, new, modern, sanitary cages — those strong boxes that will house them securely until they are sent to Sing Sing or Dannemora, or some other penitentiary.

Judge Jackson has listened to the stories of approximately 45,000 delinquent boys and girls in the last few years. He could give each defendant only a few minutes before passing judgment. They come so fast to the bar. There are so many others waiting to be judged. And the number grows continually.

It is the same story repeated over and over again. Why is this child here? Because of neglect, unhappy home life, bad companions, filthy sur-

roundings, divorced parents, no supervision, segregation, hatred, want, improper education, or no education at all — there are a hundred reasons. And sometimes there are a hundred reasons behind each tiny figure — a hundred reasons pushing him into crime against his will.

The Judge grew sick at heart, listening day after day to these stories, these monotonous, never-ending, never varying stories. So he formed his committee, with two men and two women besides himself as the entire personnel, and the work began. Three spots were picked out for the first attack, three spots in Harlem where delinquency showed its rankest growth.

Teachers in the public schools, charity workers, preachers, nuns, and others who are in constant contact with children, were asked to supply the committee with "cases." As soon as they detected signs of delinquency in a child they were to send him, a voluntary patient, so to speak, to the Juvenile Welfare Agency. Here the child could have not a five minute examination, but as long and as thorough an investigation as his plight demanded. It might take an hour. It might take a whole day. It might take longer. But when it was finished the committee would know all there was to know about the child and be able to work out and write down plans for the saving of his soul and body. It might take intense personal supervision extending over a long period of time to follow up that work. But that didn't matter — did it?

THEN there was the matter of recreation — the process of showing the child of the gutter that no matter how humble his start in life, no matter how cruelly he had been treated by society, no matter how many temptations had been put in his way, he was really worth working for, worth fighting for, worth dying for — if need be.

How could you better teach him his importance than by making him a

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Martin de Porres
help us
+ to be +
humble



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HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

CATHERINE DE HUECK Editor
 NANCY GRENNELL Asst. Editor
 EDDIE DOHERTY Contributing Editor
 ELEANOR MERRILL Circulation Manager

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WE ANSWER A LETTER . . .*Dear Friend:*

I NTERESTED, curious and confused was your mind when you wrote us last. You wondered what the Catholic Church was doing in Harlem. In your great charity, you have helped us in Friendship House again and again, until finally you thought of Friendship House as one of the main works of the Church in Harlem. Yet common sense told you that this could not be the case, so perturbed, you sat down and wrote your lovely, kind, slightly wondering letter, asking us — **WHAT IS THE CHURCH DOING IN HARLEM?**

Immense is the sea. Immense. All embracing. Full of great, hidden power. And yet, silent and quiet, until provoked by dark, raging storms, not of its making, but endangering the things it loves.

Such is the CHURCH. In Harlem, in China, in war-torn Europe . . . everywhere where men walk. Men for whose souls God died. Like Her Divine Founder, She walks on quiet feet. In the great, meek silence of His Eternal Presence, She works, without trumpets and fanfare. Such is the case with Her, and the holy, consecrated men and women who represent Her in Harlem.

NIGHT and day . . . day and night . . . they give all of themselves, to the restless, hurt, wondering people of Harlem. There are, within the narrow limits of about 66 city blocks, 460,000 human beings—Negroes who have to live here, or in other equally overcrowded areas of our city, because their white brethren of the East, though having abolished Jim Crow laws of segregation from their Statute Books, have kept them in their hearts.

Of these thousands, about 40,000 only are Catholics. St. Charles Borromeo, St. Mark, the Evangelist, Resurrection, All Saints, St. Joseph, St. Paul, St. Thomas, St. Aloysius are the Churches that serve them. St. Mark's alone belongs to the good Holy Ghost Fathers, the others are manned by our energetic and saintly diocesan priests. Some of these Churches are all Colored, others have white and colored parishioners. All have schools, run either by the gentle Nuns of St. Francis, or the good Nuns of the Oblate Order of Mary Immaculate (Colored community) who also have a nursery, or the devoted daughters of Mother Drexel.

Let no one fool you, dear friend. Friendship House is but a grain of sand barely visible with the naked eye, on the beach of the stupendous labour of love that is being done by these holy men and women, who quietly, unostentatiously, without mundane publicity, do a work so marvelous, so far-reaching in its effects, so glorious in the eyes of God and those who know it and them, that future generations will stand in awe before it. For we fervently hope that there will soon come some learned and good person who will record it all.

ONE day in a rectory in Harlem . . . one day in a Catholic School in Harlem, would forever dissuade you of any mistaken idea that the Church in America has failed the Negro. And not only in Harlem, but

wherever the Negro dwells, above or below the Mason-Dixon line. There you will find Bishops, Priests and Nuns devoting their lives to the welfare of his soul and all the factors that go to strengthen it.

Wondrous are the ways of the Lord. Confirmation time in Harlem is always a time when we of Friendship House feel like singing the Te Deum loudly . . . for converts, adults and children, are being confirmed by the thousands. If sickness or business takes us to Harlem Hospital, covered by the Holy Ghost Fathers, always we hear of some event, that shows those men of God tireless in their never-ending task of being Hounds of God.

Take God's favorites—children. Every Parish, every school, offers them education along Godly lines. Whole-some recreation under the watchful eyes of Christ and His priests.

Change your thinking, please. Immense as the sea, eternal, like it and more so . . . tireless as its singing waves . . . the Church in Harlem stands guard and works in her consecrated people . . . ceaselessly. Dissuade your mind also that we are important at Friendship House. We are but the additional hands, feet, eyes and ears of the reverend clergy . . . humble, little, and of good will . . . that is all.

Meditation of a Social Worker*Plod . . . plod . . . plod**It is the will of God.**A hill I climb a child to see.**Thou, too, didst climb a hill for me.**Visit the sick—bury the dead—**Counsel the doubtful, to the poor give bread.**Weary I grow,**As along I go.**Then strength I gain. As I gaze ahead,**I see Thy bent body, Thy slow stumbling tread.**Long hast Thou borne my cross for me.**Now let me take it. Rest be with Thee.*

Marian Craig

CHICAGO HOUSE

309 East 43rd Street

by Ann Harrigan

THE James family is a gold mine. First, there was Mr. James who visited Harlem FH and then said, loyal soul that he is — "Chicago FH is better." But David (Silky to you) was the original contribution of this illustrious family to FH. Alas, he is now far away in Tuskegee learning the intricacies of air corps training. Next came Bernard (now Corporal)—he of the many languages and "manyer" quips, whose brilliant talents left FH in a glow for a while, but are gone, too, for the duration. Next there is Genevieve who has turned her knowledge of Spanish to teaching it here on Tuesdays. And now we're indebted to still another member of the famous clan—Johnnie . . . for Johnnie brought to us Jack Porché, a soph at St. Elizabeth's High School . . . and Jack combines the James' tradition of sterling, deep Catholicity with his own flair for getting along with kids and teaching them religion. So great a help is he that a special title has been created for him—assistant counselor.

Speaking of gold, our "half pint of solid gold" Teevy (real name, Elizabeth Teevan, nicknamed the other by Mary Jerdo Keating way back when) has come at last and with the arrival of her winter coat, we can now

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STAFF REPORTER

by N. J. G.

LAST Saturday, at the Staff Workers' Seminar, Father E. Harold Smith said upon arrival, that he came "loaded down with the Beveridge Plan" . . . and an hour and a half later, so were we all loaded down with this mentally intoxicating beverage for the ills of human society. For when you start analyzing post-war plans, social construction and reconstruction . . . with the Encyclicals as the foundation, you run into a lot of exciting avenues of thought.

The Beveridge Plan, for example, is the most ambitious and comprehensive and sensational plan yet devised for social security . . . it takes in ALL of the British population — from "birth to grave." It is not a subsidizing of the individual by the state in the usual sense of that term. The individual will contribute a portion of the funds that he will later receive. Some English Catholic papers have expressed the view that the Beveridge Plan is not in harmony with the Catholic teaching on the State. Monsignor John A. Ryan, the foremost Catholic economist in this country finds their arguments against the plan inconclusive. The Rev. Lewis Watt, S.J., an English Catholic economist, also finds nothing, in the plan contrary to Catholic teaching. Whether the Beveridge Plan will be practicable is a question to be discussed.

In the course of the next seven months, at bi-weekly meetings, Father Smith is going to analyze some of the post-war plans with us. As Catholics, as social workers, as our brother's keepers, these are things we can't know too thoroughly. So much muddled thinking these days . . . it is well to be able to judge events and theories from the solid basis of Catholic doctrine . . . and thus distinguish the useful and worthwhile from the spurious in modern thought.

EVER since Paul Butler left for the Seminary we've been man-less at Friendship House, as far as Staff Workers go. But recently we've enjoyed the distinguished company of one Eddie Doherty, our new "Father" and co-worker, since the Baroness and he joined up "for better or for worse." And as far as we are concerned, it is certainly "for better!" Like most newspaper men, Eddie has a never-ending supply of whimsical and amusing stories about the foibles and heroisms of human beings whom he has met, known or interviewed. And

THE BARONESS JOTS IT DOWN

IT was swell to be back in the U.S.A. again after my long trip to Canada. But then, Canada was lovely too. Especially Toronto and the old crowd. Jack Fulton still is editor of the Social Forum there, and that paper is coming along fine. When I think that in 1936 Father Sullivan and I started it, and it was just one page, and that now it comes out as an 8-page tabloid, I can hardly believe my eyes.

The old Friendship House and Social Forum crowd is still there too, doing a marvelous work of studying . . . Philosophy, Drama, Theology and many other interesting subjects, and not forgetting the Corporal Works of Mercy . . . all that, in a country at war. Sure, it made me feel good . . . for was not Toronto the place where Friendship House was born . . .

The South Side and Ann Harrigan sitting at the desk of cozy Friendship House was a sight for sore eyes. One thing I know, I do get homesick for the colorful life and people, whose pains and joys have become my own for the past six years. Always there is gladness in my heart at "coming home" to them.

But Ann had a powerful lot of work to do and she roped me into it. It was not hard, for I was more than willing . . . and it was fun . . . fixing files, writing letters, checking the library. Took me back to the good old days when I had just started in Harlem. How far away they seem now! We have grown so much since. With two houses already in existence — Chicago and N. Y.C. — a Friendship House Training School in the making . . . why, I feel like a "Mother Superior General" . . . that is the way I feel. Yes, mam, or maybe like a grandmother?

ALSO there was New York to visit. Eddie, my new Irish husband, had to go there too to cover the "movie shakedown" trial. That was grand, so we went together. Read "Splendor of the Liturgy" by Zundel and played gin-rummy all the way up on the slow train. I lost, as I always do. Eddie plays a wonderful game of gin-rummy. And we both lost ourselves in the Liturgy. For it becomes so evident, when you really realize what Mass is, that everyone IS your

meals these days are pretty hilarious with our various Irish members exchanging lightning repartee.

Eddie has been in and out of Friendship House for the past three

brother . . . the Negro . . . the Chinaman . . . the guy who begs you for a dime . . . the girl with the painted cheeks . . . the old hag . . . the poor-rich folks . . . all and everyone . . . MY BROTHER IN CHRIST . . . to love, to serve, to cherish and bring back to Him. Ite Missa Est . . . Go, the Mass is ended . . . live the Mass. We talked about it late into the night, Eddie and I . . . and so will you when you read the book. It is grand.

Harlem! How I love it. That is where I came with nothing but a headful, heartful of dreams . . . and God made them come true. Somehow, when I come back, I can hardly believe it is all there . . . the Library of Friendship House with its golden light at night, and Blessed Martin presiding over it from his niche . . . looks so cosy . . . you just want to walk in.

The Cubs Clubroom, full of kids, noise and laughter, with Eleanor Merrill, moving through them all, with unconscious grace, and a gay, dancing smile in her eyes. The Intermediates, a Club for older kids, with dainty Loretta Clifford, immune to all the noise in the world . . . cool, gentle, efficient, firm, and patient . . . here, there and everywhere. The Clothing Room, clean, shiny, gay and friendly, with Belle Bates at the helm . . . who gives out clothes . . . or looks after the troubled hearts and minds of the friends who have dropped in . . . with a courtesy that captivates . . . she loves them all so much.

Flew the faithful . . . part and parcel of it all . . . Else, the beautiful and perfect secretary . . . volunteers and friends. Somehow I can hardly believe it . . . that all these and this, should have started from one tiny room . . . and a heartful of dreams.

OH YES, CLOCKS, ALARM CLOCKS, ordinary clocks, kitchen clocks, WATCHES . . . we need them so for Friendship House Staff Workers to function on time. Punctuality is the virtue of kings, but it is also part and parcel of Charity, so please . . . yes, I know they are hard to get . . . that is why we have to beg them. ANY CLOCKS TODAY?

years . . . but now he truly "belongs" in a deeper sense . . . as are all who live a life of sweet poverty for Christ's sake, and fight the good fight of social

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CHICAGO HOUSE

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rest easy that the menage of things culinary is now under control. This rather sudden increase in family of FH Staff to eight people is just wonderful, but a bit bewildering at first. Despite the room shortage we have been able to settle everybody, thanks to Bl. Martin... and to the wonderful carload of things collected by the Catholic Action Group at Providence High School. Their spirit is truly very apostolic. Imagine our embarrassment when after one truckload of things filled us up to overflowing, there came another one right on its heels, so to speak. But the Lord sent us enough helpers — ten sorted into boxes all the things received, working from ten to six in the evening.

THE big highlight in the Liturgical Conference held in Chicago October 12-14 was, for Friendship House, the session on *Sacrifice and Society*. We closed FH till 6 p.m. so that all of us might hear how the Mass enters into our daily lives, and gives meaning to the lives of apostles, and points out certain bases of action, especially in fields where the pointing out is necessary — the Negro, Land, Labor. Fr. Furfey was chairman of the morning panel on Race, with Msgr. Hillenbrand and Morrison speaking on the *principle* of the Mystical Body, and how it works out in *practice* — re-emphasizing this ancient truth described by our Lord Himself when He said:

"I am the Vine; you are the branches," and later explained by St. Paul with "we are members of one another and Christ is the Head." Now comes the Pope's new letter to the world, "Mystici Corporis," "The Mystical Body of Christ," giving the lead, like a sort of great straw in the wind showing all mankind that the time is ripe for re-examining this immense and important doctrine. To hearts anguished by the terrible hatreds that tear the Mystical Body and undo the unity of mankind — Anti-Semitism, Anti-Negroism, etc., this Papal Encyclical comes as a spring of pure water to the thirsty, a real answer to prayer. Our volunteer and staff workers at FH will study the letter at our Wednesday seminars — for in it, among other things, is contained the reason for the existence of FH.



THE Baroness' Saturday Nights are really hitting home — our session on hard work in the lay apostolate was down to earth and yet inspiring. Hard work for the Christian means discipline — spiritual, mental, physical. The hardest work is praying... and the hardest part of praying is to organize, and live up to, a schedule... even if it's only for five minutes a day. We should pray at a REGULAR time, and allow no exceptions. Think of all the time we devote to ourselves, our jobs, our friends... and the pitifully little time we reserve to Our Lord, or the hit and miss way we take care of it. After all, if we want to love God, we should first become acquainted, don't you think? Acquainted by visits, reading, thinking, etc. ... and after laying this basis of friendship, perhaps we can hope to go up higher.

STAFF REPORTER

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and interracial justice with us. Like the Baroness, he is a swell example of living Catholic Action and Christ-like charity, and his devotion to Bl. Martin is an inspiration. Staff Workers and Volunteers alike... we've all adopted Eddie as thoroughly as he's adopted Friendship House. Our sincerest and warmest congratulations, Eddie, on your marriage to that lovely Russian lady, the Baroness... may God bless you both.

HE SPOKE, WE LISTENED

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member of say, a drum and bugle corps, or by furnishing him toys and books, by showing him how to make model planes—to put it simply, by showing him that he was respected and loved?

Now in Harlem, as in many other districts in New York, there are a great many clubs — groups of boys, who meet in some basement and make their own rules and regulations, who pay dues into a common fund, who share ideas and experiences, who

entertain themselves and others, and live their own lives as they choose.

The older boys in these clubs have gone to war, for the most part. But the youngsters are still there. It wasn't too difficult for the Judge, for instance, to put 600 of them into a parade. And it wasn't too hard for him either, to band several hundred boys and girls into a choral group.

THE judge related how that group had entertained a crowd of soldiers one night; and you should have seen the expressions on white and colored faces around the big table in Friendship House Library as he described a little colored girl singing, "When you are far away we'll pray for you."

Judge Jackson gave some statistics on juvenile crimes and their increase. He admitted there was an upward swing in the number of delinquent girls all over New York—except in Harlem. Among Negro girls, there has been a decline!

One thing lingers poignantly — a fact that cannot be digested by any Christian conscience — a fact never to be swallowed and assimilated and forgotten by any heart that loves its Maker.

That is that juvenile delinquents seldom are made over night. It usually takes years. Years! A boy of eight or nine comes into court for his "first offense" — and that is sad enough. But, when we learn that this child has been stealing since he was six, or that he has been a vandal or a black-mailer, in a mild way, since he was seven, and that he has become something of a professional in his line because of your neglect, and mine — because we didn't know nor care that he was ill-housed, starved, bedevilled by dirt and vermin, beset by misunderstanding of us and our kind, and warped by fear and hatred of society in general — then we begin to wonder if we are really Christians.

We are responsible for juvenile delinquents — you and I. What are we going to do about it?

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